

W. P. WALTON.

JOHN D. WHITE, after remaining in his hole for an incredible length of time, clawed out, Tuesday, and let loose the violence of his wrath against the Secretary of the Treasury and the Commissioner of Internal revenue for extending the bonded period on whisky and ended in offering a bill to abolish the office of Commissioner and restricting the powers of the Secretary. Johnnie often goes off half cocked, but we rather admire his stand in this case as both those officers seem to have transcended their authority in the matter named.

THE New York Sun says: "To command the confidence of the party from the start, Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet should be composed of men who will act together for honest and economical administration, and whose adherence to genuine democracy has been constant. The democracy party can not expect to succeed by borrowing republican doctrines." There is splendid material for the new President to pick from and if he makes a mistake it will be his own fault.

LAST issue we chronicled the death of one of Gen. Grant's uncles and now we are called on to perform a similar duty for one of his aunts who has gone the way of all flesh at the ripe old age of 92. If the General himself had been called to a better world ten years ago, his name would have passed into history second only to that of Washington, but now he does not deserve half the respect or veneration that even old Hayes does.

A son of Congressman Holman, while drunk at a Washington ball, eloped the Secretary of the Venezuelan delegation in the month because he would not give him his partner for the set, but afterwards when the Secretary was threatening to perjure his diaphragm, Holman made an abject apology. The Congressman should "object" to his son behaving in so disgraceful a manner and wear him out with a stick for this offense.

SCOTT SMITH, the Falcon of the Louisville Times, who went to New Orleans apparently on purpose to find fault with the Exposition, is forced to say: "It is yet in an incchoate and imperfect state, but, even as it is, there has been nothing in this country to equal it. It is a profusion of riches, which one can not classify at all without spending a very long time in the effort."

THE Governor of Michigan is one of the few over paid officials. He gets \$1,000 a year for signing a few pardons while his Secretary, who does all the work, gets \$1,000. The people of the State are thinking of reducing the Governor's salary as they do not see how it is possible for him to earn the amount. What he gets for issuing pardons ought to be enough to support him at least.

THE Louisville Times continues to be the loss paper. It has all the news and publishes it some twelve hours in advance of the morning papers. This is especially true of the recent stirring events in the old world, accounts of which it has given with great vividness and correctness. It is indeed the best and cheapest paper in the State.

AT Salterville, the 10 lynchings of John Stapleton are held to the grand jury for first degree murder.

THE Supreme Judge K. of H. has applied to the Chancery Court for a Receiver for the lodge funds under control of Judge Breckenridge, deposited in the People's Bank.

Wednesday the mercury was down to 15° below at Chicago, 26° at Burlington, Ia., and 28° at Winnipeg. In the North and East heavy snow storms have prevailed.

FIRE in the Indiana Hospital at Indianapolis was got under control after doing damage estimated at \$75,000. There were 1,700 patients in the institution, but none of them was injured.

THE grand jury of a Cincinnati criminal court during its session indicted 100 keepers of houses of prostitution, 25 keepers of gambling houses and 12 proprietors of property rented for the purpose of prostitution and assignation.

HENRY C. Bell, an ex-Confederate soldier, who was sent to the penitentiary for three years from Trigg county, Ky., for grand larceny, and pardoned by Gov. Knott after serving 31 days, was arrested at Nashville with goods which he had stolen at Columbus, Tenn., in his possession.

U. S. Judge Baxter, sitting at Cincinnati, has decided that Judge Breckenridge had no right to refuse the payment of death orders from the Supreme officers of the Knights of Honor and that the People's Bank of Louisville had no interest whatever in the controversy. The decision is important as it practically settles the long drawn out middle.

LELAND Stanford, the millionaire who has just purchased a seat in the Senate from the republican Legislature of California, is really a resident of New York. He removed there from California several years ago taking up his abode in Vanderbilt's old house. Like the true English peer, he can reside in the metropolis while representing a distant rural constituency.

News has reached the War Office in London that Stewart's gallant little army of 1,500 Britons has fought its way from Abu Klea, over the sands of the desert and through swarms of Arabs and Nubian negroes, to Melemedeh, on the Nile, and opened up communication with "Chinese." Gordon, who is contentedly holding the fort at Khartoum. Stewart is wounded, but reported doing well.

REV. GEO. O. BARNES.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD."

PARK TERRACE, HIGHGATE, LONDON, January 15, 1885.

Dear Interior:

I write in the midst of the bustle of "striking tents," for we leave in an hour or two for the S. E. of London to begin a three weeks' mission at the Vauxhall Baptist Chapel, Upper Kennington Lane. This is a new field of labor and we trust the dear LORD to do "great things" in it. Of which more anon. It is strange that our work has been almost confined to the Baptists for many months; when we consider that they bear a general character of exclusiveness and conservatism beyond most sects, that would seem at first glance to bar the way to our radical gospel. But in fact, pure grace is a Baptist "hobby" almost, and that is the backbone of the gospel we proclaim. And as we do not run against their other speciality of immersion at all, we find it comparatively "plain sailing" in a Baptist pulpit. For which "Praise the LORD."

The dear Master's guiding hand seems pointing India-wards, with no uncertain leading and I should not wonder if we are soon en route. In view of this long expected journey, and its possible results, I would like for you to publish with this a copy of a letter written to a conference of missionaries that assembled this winter in Hindostan. The letter speaks for itself and will put your readers in possession of the "new departure" proposed in preaching to the heathen.

I feel in every fibre of my soul that "the coming of the LORD draweth near," and that all these wondrous upheavals that are going on around accompanied with "signs and wonders" in the "spirit, soul and body" world are but premonitions of His arrival, who will "overturn and overturn," until the peaceful kingdom shall be fully established in righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

4 PARK TERRACE, HAMSTEAD LANE, HIGHGATE, LONDON, O. L. 1884.

Dear Bro. Caldwell:

Your letter stirred "a host of moving memories." Yes indeed; we do remember you well, though not as the father of six children and a grand-father to boot. Well! this only reminds that we are travelling on and that the terminus of the earthly journey is not very distant.

And this gives all the deeper significance to everything one does or says. I trust I am writing now with a very controlling sense of the meeting with the Master, now so near and nearer.

My "views" are so radical that I can hardly hope at first for anything but a patient hearing on the part of my dear brethren, for the sake of the love I bear them, and, it may be, afterwards, careful and prayerful consideration of the whole subject now suggested, if, peradventure, it shall be found that I have much Scripture to bear me out in the line of truth presented.

Much dealing with souls, especially during the past 8 years, has step by step brought me, in spite of the education of a life time, to the point I now occupy. Souls in America, Britain and India are the same and the same gospel is needed for them all.

I think you will all acknowledge that on the face of it there is an unfair distribution of burdens in the so called "Gospel" preached to Anglo Saxons and Hindoos. The first, by a confession of Christ, step into respectability; the latter into disgrace. The first certainly have nothing or next to nothing to give up, and often much to receive in the way of worldly advantages. The latter yield up all. Is this the Lord's fault, or the unfortunate accident (?) of position for which the Gospel has no remedy? Is that gospel so framed by its founder and author (who certainly knew what was before Him in its propagation) that it shall bear hardly upon those least able to "endure hardness," and easily upon those who by reason of happy surroundings ought to bear the burden—if there be any to be borne?

I cannot think this of my good, wise Heavenly father (as revealed in His dear Son) all of whose actions display such thoughtful gentleness, that it is even the tenderest description of Him we have, that "He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." If then, the fault does not lie with the Lord (as we are all willing, at least, theoretically, at once to admit) ought we not to revise our gospel, if possible, (providing that in no case Scripture shall be either "wrested" or nullified) in order to meet this acknowledged unfairness? I believe this can be done to the glory of God.

At present then we have the alarming fact that every poor Mussulman, Hindoo or Sikh, in order to be saved, is required to do something, that not one English or American Christian in a thousand ever does for Christ, viz. give up everything—socially, pecuniarily and religiously—that he once held dear and sacred. Unless the heathen takes the step that inevitably leads to this, he is given no hope that God accepts him. What this has led to, eternity alone will reveal, but we, ourselves, ought to be able to compute a portion of this disaster that is bound to follow such a gospel, (?) when we reflect on the inevitable estimate of the character of God that a poor heathen will entertain, who thinks that the first step he is required to take by this God of Christians is one of exquisite torture.

Tell me, brethren, what better is this than lying down upon a bed of spikes, or casting one's self under the wheels of Juggernaut? And just because the poor shrinking wretch has been all his life cowering before a god who rends and smites and devours, this conception of our God is

all the more desecrated, since the deity so little from their own false deities, in this one vital element of mercy, that the variation is hardly worthy of notice.

A God who requires as a *sine qua non* to his favor and salvation, that His miserable creatures, already broken by sin, should take a step involving the keenest anguish the human heart can bear, viz. utter separation from all it loves—what better is He than the "gods many and lords many" you ask the convert to discard?

Eternity alone will reveal how much the dear Lord has suffered thus at the hands of His own ambassadors. And is it any wonder that such a God has stirred so little real enthusiasm in the breasts of the heathens and that the cause of missions languishes as it does to-day? I only wonder when I think of it, dear brethren, that there are so many who have turned out at all well and only attribute it to the "love of God shed abroad" in spite of the false thoughts that at first entertained. As, how many of us, after we come to a better knowledge of our loving Saviour, turn out loyal servants, who once groined under the "spirit of bondage afraid to fear," begotten of the mistaken view we had of Him at the outset.

Meanwhile the false gospel (?) instead of enclosing "a great multitude of fishes" lets them slip by thousands and the glad fishermen who ought daily to be "dragging the net to land full of great fishes," are mournfully replaced by those who wearily cry "who hath believed our report?"—as they pull out their empty nets upon the shore.

The difficulty we all know and deplore. I am sure we all have thought, again and again, that there must be something wrong somewhere.

I have, I think, discovered it in the so called gospel (?) we preach. "We lay burdens that neither we nor our fathers were able to bear" upon the poor heathen and burdens the Scriptures do not warrant.

But is there no "cross" to be taken up; no "yoke;" no "burden?" Surely there is at the proper time. But that time is not at "the beginning;" nor is that place the starting-point. In Jesus' dear name—who said

"My yoke is easy and My burden is light"—I deny it. As well demand of a baby a set of teeth to eat meat with, as to lay such a heavy burden on a new born soul. Well is it for us, if, after growing "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," we, in the maturity of Christian power, lift gladly such burdens and joyfully take the yoke, that, by reason of "senses exercised" will not gall the neck then to bear. But to lay these on a soul just reaching out a despairing hand to the Saviour of sinners, is a refinement of cruelty worthy of the great torturer of souls himself.

What then is the remedy? I answer, The Gospel. What is that in brief? This: The dear Lord comes down to His wretched creatures as the Friend of their need, to announce a finished work; sin put away; sinners atoned for; no condition whatever except a "willing mind;" to receive "the free gift;" no demand to quit sine, nor lead a new life; no mention of "sin" or "sins" in any way, save the announcement that all are paid for; all divinely settled; all "taken away."

Next, the Saviour is alone with the sinner, when the answer is given to the vital question: "Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be mine? Wilt thou receive me?" And the answer is only made to Him—"Yes," or "No."

Man is ever interfering at this point with his human nostrums and inventions and prescriptions, but he has ever been an impudent intruder. "The Lord opens and no man shuts," and He has opened the door of mercy wider than man; be sure of that. What's saved without baptism? Yes, surely we are good enough Presbyterians, even to believe that. Without a Sikh cutting off his hair? Yes! Who told us to cut off his hair, or to order him to cut it off? Without confession? Yes! That only belongs to one who is saved, and is wholly worthless unless spontaneous. Without anything? Yes! There needs nothing but "I will" from a willing mind, spoken not to man, but to God alone.

This, taught to the people, and they encouraged to believe in this good God, who receives the lost in such a loving way; and never, from first to last, requires any forward step except the joyous progress of a "willing" soul; never asking anything to be done unless it is "easy" or "light;" if this were preached in love, you would send home from your services, every day, scores of willing ones, who "in the secret of his presence" would tell Him: "Yes Lord, I am thine" and soon with this great "love shed abroad in the heart," would be so full, that it would be even a relief to bubble over, in "confession" where the happy heart ever wishes to make it, first to "those at home" and afterwards upon the "house top," to all.

Is this Utopia? Try it. Is it a dream; a fancy; lovely but delusive? Try it. "It would be dangerous and encourage converts to go on to sin." Try it. "It would never be followed, bold confession and holy living." Try it, again I repeat.

Your plans have failed until you are almost ready to despair. Your "Conferences" proclaim what "Evangelical Alliances" at home do—failure. "How shall we meet the masses?" is asked periodically, and never answered, in this land of bibles and churches. "How shall we reach the masses?" is the question your own aching hearts are propounding where "masses" is a word meaning ten times as much as it does in England or America.

I can tell you if you will listen, Preach Paul's gospel. He reached them. Preach Jesus' gospel. "All the publicans and sinners draw near to Him, for to hear Him." The simple gospel, above sketched, once preached, there would be added daily to the church (or "the Lord added together daily such as were being saved"—new version)

happy souls, "whose delight it soon would be, to proclaim to all around 'what a dear savior they had found.'"

The glad ones were baptized on Pentecost—not 3,000, as we think. There were 3,000 saved—known to the Lord. How many "glad ones" baptized, we are not told. How seldom are glad ones baptized now. It is a heavy cross to most, because enjoined by authority and not left optional.

The dear Lord "give us understanding in all things," dear brethren. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—At a meeting of the Western Export Association at Cincinnati, it was decided to raise the price of highwines from \$1.11 to \$1.13.

—The Bayard resolution condemning the dynamiters passed the Senate with but one dissenting voice, that of Hildreberger.

—Senator-elect John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, sixteen years ago was Private Secretary to Gov. Fairchild, whom he has just defeated.

—Jeff Davis arose from a sick bed to visit the liberty bell en route to New Orleans, and closed his remarks on the occasion: "I bow to the glorious old bell."

—Clinton G. Wells, president of a Galveston, Texas, bank, squandered all its funds and then killed himself. This is better than sneaking off to Canada.

—W. B. Nicholson, Yardmaster at Birmingham, Ala., of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, caught his foot in a switch frog, fell and a passing train killed him.

—Joe Palmer, partner in crime of Berner, the decision in whose case was the original cause of the Cincinnati riot, has been granted a new trial by the Supreme Court of Ohio. He was under sentence of death.

—B. F. Webb and Charles Brumback, life-long friends, quarreled at Winchester Tuesday, during which Brumback drew his pistol and shot Webb just over the left eye, from the effects of which he died about an hour after.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Mr. Morton Crow has opened a coal yard near his residence on Main street.

—The funeral of John I. Moore, a former citizen of this county took place at the cemetery here Tuesday evening. He died in Indiana, where he has been living for several years.

—Mr. Jerry Selch died Monday evening from the effects of a fall from a house on the farm of E. P. Faulconer, of this county, where he was at work as a carpenter. He leaves a wife and several children.

—The sale of the property on Main street from Cohn to Mannini did not take place as announced in last report. After the deed was drawn Mr. Mannini asked to be released, a request which Mr. Cohn readily granted.

—Wakelield & Hudson bought from various parties Tuesday 23 mules and four horses for the Southern market, paying for them from \$45 to \$125. They still want several hundred mules and horses of this description. One of the firm will be at Manchester, Clay county, on the 21 Feb'y. on this business.

—A meeting of all the schools of this place is to be held to-day, (Thursday,) at the 21 Presbyterian church. This being the day of prayer appointed by the General Assembly of the United States for schools and Colleges. Addressees are to be delivered by ministers of various denominations and teachers of the different schools.

—If there is anything which deserves suppression, particularly deserves it, it is the hideous advertisement of Peebles & Son's 5 cent Hindoo cigar. At a short distance the picture represents a death's head; a nearer inspection shows the same thing to be the picture of two children, a dog, toys, &c. Like the itch in Louisville, they are all over town.

—Mr. Mont. Schoffen left Wednesday morning for Springfield, Mo., where he will go into the drug business in partnership with Mr. J. S. Givens, of Lincoln county. Mr. William Stout, Jr., has gone to Louisville where he has obtained a situation in the Kentucky National Bank. Miss Mable Wishard is at home on a visit from Oxford, O., where she has been at school.

The New York News of the same date says: "Captain Elias, of the ship Sally Anne, who arrived at Boston on Sunday last, in 19 days from Palermo and 33 from Gibraltar, informs us that on the 1st of June the Emperor of Austria and King of Naples, with several members of their families dined on board the U. S. ship Franklin, Commodore Stewart. During the visit one of the young Princes, while viewing the equipments of the ship, unfortunately fell down the main hatchway and was severely injured."

—At Mrs. Susan P. Grigsby's sale Tuesday a copy of the St. Louis Enquirer of Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1819, was brought to light. On the margin is written "Isaac Shelby, Danville." The Enquirer was published by Isaac N. Henry & Co. at the rate of \$6 per year, "payable at the end of the year, but may be discharged by the payment of \$5 at the time of subscribing." On the first page is a publication of United States laws, approved March 13, 1819, by James Monroe, President. On the inside is a decree signed by Bernardo O'Higgins, Supreme Director of the State of Chili, and something regarding the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, which reads as follows: "Boston, July 31. It appears certain from the returns already received of the year and days given in Maine on Monday last on the separation of that District from Massachusetts, that a majority far exceeding the 1,500 required by law in favor of that measure has been obtained and that the separation is inevitable. Though we regret the result, we most heartily bid the citizens of Maine 'God speed.'"

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Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large, fresh and well selected stock of

Choice Family Groceries,

Endless in variety, dainty in quality, and satisfactory in prices, this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

Our Hardware and Pocket Cutlery

Consists of the standard brands of Europe and America. Our large line of cooking stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites.

OUR CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE STOCK consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated "G. M." patent flour unrivalled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, are arrayed as faithful adjuncts.

All the delicacies in foreign and domestic confections are here.

Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits, and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well this is only a hint of what we have.

Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage, Respectfully, TAYLOR BROS.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Older Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention. Salesmen W. H. Higgins, Jr. and John Bright, Jr.

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Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles. Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

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FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

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Furst and Bradley Sulky Plows, South Bend and Hamilton Clipper Turning Plows.

—AT ALL TIMES A FULL LINE OF—

Mitchell and "Old Hickory" Wagons. Our Carriage department will be full and complete with the best makes of Carriages, Buggies, Surreys, Phaetons, Jayguar Wagons, Buckboards.

We also have a Large Line of Walking and Riding Cultivators. Sole Agents for Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines.

All the above goods have been bought very Low and will be sold at the smallest possible margin. We respectfully ask an inspection and invite competition. Prices and goods guaranteed. BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

He arranges his robes to his satisfaction, leans forward, and, placing the tips of his long, white fingers together, addresses—charges, I am told, in the right term—the grand jury in a pleasant, colloquial manner. I strain every nerve to catch the purport of his words. He is sure to say something about this important murder case. I shall, perhaps, be able to learn how it was that the man fell under suspicion.

Alas! the judge is on who, by years of practice, has acquired the knack of using his voice only so much as is absolutely necessary. The grand jury is close to him and can, no doubt, hear him; but to those who, like ourselves, are far away in the background of the court, his remarks are inaudible. All I can catch is a closing caution to the grand jury, to hear in mind that it is not within its province to determine the innocence or guilt of the prisoner, but to simply decide whether there is or is not sufficient evidence for the case to go to trial.

The grand jury files out of court to conduct its solemn deliberations in the place appointed. The judge addresses a few sniffling words to the sheriff and other magnate who, by right or favor, occupy seats on the bench; then he returns to the personal of his papers.

For the first time since we entered the court, Philippa speaks to us. "Are they trying him now?" she asked in a low, awed whisper, yet in a voice so changed that I know what the suspense is costing her. Briefly I explain the procedure of the law, so far as I know it. She sighs, and says no more.

More monotonous calling of many names, to which submission, however, another class of men respond. The common jury are now being called. Probably, to save time, twelve men are sent into the box, where they sit, some appearing to enjoy the dignity of the position, some with stolid indifference, others with acute unhappiness plainly manifested. I look at these men with scarcely less interest than I look at the judge. On them, or on some of them, our fate rests as much, perhaps more, than it rests on him. Those men are trying us—not only the man who will by and by stand in that rail-topped enclosure, into which we look down.

Twenty long, weary minutes pass by. All eyes turn to a woman gallery in the right hand corner of the court. A door in the wall opens and the members of the grand jury emerge and fill the gallery. The foreman turns to a man in the crowd, who is seated in the box, which he attaches a paper, which is conveyed by this clumsy method to the busy gentleman, the clerk of assize. What illiterate fellow this seems to me!

The clerk detaches the document, glances at it, and looks up at the gallery.

"Gentlemen of the grand jury, you return a true bill against William Evans for murder."

"We do," answered the foreman with shy solemnity.

I grind my teeth. Fools! If men of culture and standing are like this, what can be expected from a common jury! It is well for me that I heard the caution just now given by the judge. I take such comfort in it, by thinking they have tried the evidence, not the man! What can the evidence be! All we shall soon know.

The clerk turns and addressing no one in particular, says: "Bring up the prisoner." Once more I set my teeth. I feel my wife's arm tremble; her hand grows cold. I hear a buzz, as of expectation, run through the crowded court. Every eye turns in one direction—toward the empty dock. For a moment a species of dizziness comes over me, objects swim before my eyes. The sensation passes away. I recover myself. The dock is no longer unoccupied. In the center, with a stalwart policeman on either side of him, stands the accused! The man who, it seems to me, must be saved by such a sacrifice!

From my place, far back in the public gallery, I can, of course, see nothing more of the prisoner than his back. I gaze at this with intense curiosity, endeavoring to determine the station of his life. I can but about to be tried for his life. I can but rather this much: He is tall and slight. His dress is of a semi-respectable nature, but seems to have been seen service. He might be anything from a broken-down clerk to a gentleman's servant out of elbow. I realize at his poverty-stricken appearance.

Judging from his back, he would be welcome to him, but the jury, but as the innocence, and I feel certain that the liberal sympathy compensation which it is my intention to mete out will repay him a hundred times for the ordeal which he is undergoing.

Ordeal! Yes, it is the right word. It is easy to see it is a terrible ordeal to the poor fellow. No need to look at his face to be told that he is a man. Even as he emerges from the collar below he seems to quiver and shiver in fear. Now he absolutely falls forward in the dock, supporting himself by grasping the iron railing which runs round the top. I notice that his fingers, as they cling to the dock bars, open and close convulsively. Every movement of his back and shoulders betrays fear and anguish of mind. His state is pitiable, so pitiable that one of his assistants, a plain, middle-aged man, with a wretched man's arm, and gives him the physical support which he so sorely needs. He bends his head as in shame, and I know that could I see his face it would be white as my own or my wife's.

In spite of the strain upon my mind I was able to wonder at the prisoner's hopeless demeanor. Although I had, as it were, to my very heart out by the roots to insure the man's safety in the event of things going wrong with him; although I did not even now regret the course I had taken, I am bound to say that his cowardly behavior took away much of the sympathy which I should otherwise have felt for him in his unenviable predicament. It is, of course, very easy to say what one would do in another's place. I certainly feel sure that, were I in that poor fellow's plight, that consciousness of my own innocence would give me strength enough to raise my head and face boldly all the judges, juries and prosecuting counsel in the world. I was willing to make every allowance for the nervousness natural to such a position; but I groaned inwardly as I gazed upon that miserable, limp, half-standing, half-reclining form.

Why does he not stand upright! Too well I know that another is watching that abject wretch with intense even more intense than myself. I know that every attitude of shame or fear is understood by Philippa, and adds to the scruples which she feels at following my advice and availing the result of the trial. Every agitated movement of the prisoner in the dock seems to be faithfully reproduced by the hand within my own. Every pang he suffers runs through the frame of the woman who knows that he is suffering for her deed.

The clerk reads out the indictment: "That the said William Evans, do feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought kill and murder Sir Mervyn Ferrand, Baronet." As the reading proceeds Philippa draws me toward her. "Basil," she says in a low whisper, "this is more dreadful than I dreamt of. I cannot bear it longer. Think of that poor man's anguish! Basil, he also may have a wife who loves him; she may be in the court. Think of her! Oh! what can I do! What can I do!"

"Nothing—nothing but wait and hope," I answer.

"Could you not go down and speak to him, or send a message in some way? Tell him not to be so wretched; that even at the last moment he will be saved; that the real murderer will confess and free him. Basil, you must do this."

"I cannot. I dare not. It will ruin us. Hush, dearest; be calm, and listen."

The reading of the indictment is now over. Philippa turns to the prisoner. "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" he asks, in a clear voice. Although every one in that court knows what the answer will be, there is a silence so profound that a pin might be heard drop. Every one seemed desirous of hearing the prisoner's voice. Even I, myself, lean forward, and strain every nerve to hear his plea.

There is a long, dead pause. It may be that the prisoner does not understand that he is expected to reply. It may be that his collapsed state deprives him of the power of speech. I notice, however, that the prisoner touches him on the shoulder, and whispers to him. Still for a moment there is silence. It is broken, but not by the prisoner. Philippa gives a low, soft wail, heard only, I think, by me.

"I can bear it no longer," she whispers. She reaches back her hand, dark veil and stands erect in the body of the court. I catch one glance at her pale but determined looking face, then I turn my head upon my hands and wish that death might at that moment smite us both. All is over. I am conquered.

Even as I like my face I see every eye in that throng of faces turn to the tall, majestic, dark-robed figure, which rises in the midst of that motley throng. Then, clear and loud, I hear her beloved voice ring out: "My lord, I hear her say. I raise my head at the sound. The eyes of bench, bar, jury and public are fixed upon her. The very prisoner turns in the dock and gazes straight at her.

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my level innocent! Innocent! This—this revelation of feeling is more than human nature can bear!

"Order in the court! Order in the court!" What is it? Who is it? Only a woman in a dark dress. She is borne out tenderly, lovingly, proudly, by a man who clasps his precious burden to a heart full of such rapture as few of his fellow creatures can ever have known.

But let it also be hoped that few have ever endured such grief and anguish!

CHAPTER XVI.
"WHERE ARE THE STONES THAT FELL LAST YEAR?"

Although, while engaged in the labor of writing this story, I have many times regretted that I had nothing more than a plain narrator of facts and incidents, not a master of fiction, I think I have not felt the regret so strongly as at the moment when I begin this chapter. The sombre acts of the life drama in which Philippa and I played part so painful, so full of grief, and even if brightened by a ray of joy, of joy of fallacy, of uncertainty, of fear, of doubt, I have found little difficulty in describing; I had simply to throw my mind back to the pictures of the past and reproduce them in words. The task, whether well or ill done, was not a hard one.

But now, when in one moment and as if by magic, everything changed; when sorrow seemed to be simply swept out of our lives; when that poor wretched little creature of guilt, forced from him in some way, never even left our whole future bright and cloudless, but consigned to rest in the ghosts of the past, whose shadowy forms had hitherto dogged our steps and denied us the happiness rightly due to those who live as we loved; now I feel my shortcomings acutely, and wish my pen was more powerful than it is.

And yet a word will describe the state of my own mind as, when the last solemn words were spoken by the judge—spoken in a voice which showed emotion and distress, not being compelled to condemn a fellow creature to death—I carried my fainting wife from the crowded, reeking court. The momentary sense of rapture passed away; bewilderment, sheer bewilderment, is the word for what was left. I could not think. All my reasoning faculties had left me. In fact, I believe that had Philippa not swooned, and as needed, my mechanically given order, I myself should have fallen senseless on that threshold which an hour before we crossed, thinking we were going to endless misery.

I remember this much. As I laid Philippa on one of the hard wooden benches in the stone corridor I kept repeating to myself, "she is guilty." I suppose the continual repetition was an endeavor to impress the tremendous fact upon my brain, which for a time was incredulous, and refused to entertain it.

I threw up my wife's veil and bathed her face with water, which was brought me by a kindly policeman. Presently her eyes opened and consciousness returned; she strove to speak.

"My presence of mind was fast returning. 'Dearest,' I whispered, 'as you love me, do not say a word in this place. In a minute we will leave it.'"

She was obedient; but I know from the will look of joy in her eyes that obedience, which she gave to the utmost. She was soon able to rise, and then we walked from the court, pushed our way through the crowd which gathered in the street. I was discussing the termination of the trial, throw myself into a cab and in another moment were alternately weeping and laughing in each other's arms.

It was, however, but for a moment. The lun to which we drove was close at hand. There we were shown into a room, and were at last free to give the fullest vent to our pent-up feelings.

It would be absurd for me to attempt to reproduce our words, our delighted exclamations. It would be sacrilege for me to describe the tears that we shed, the embraces, the loving caresses we lavished on each other. Think of us now! This course laid upon us by that awful night removed forever! Our secret kept, or secrecy, if still absolute, no longer absolutely needed. Philippa, in spite of my blind, in spite of all she had told me on that night when I found her, a wild, distracted woman, in a storm the wildest that years have known, guiltless of her husband's death! Innocent, not only as she had in my eyes always been, but also, what was far more, innocent in her own eyes!

Small wonder that for nearly an hour we sat with our arms twined around each other, and used few words which were more than rapturous exclamations of love and joy.

There I cannot, will not describe the scene more fully. I will say no more, except this; when at last we grew calmer, Philippa turned to me, and once more I saw terror gathering in her eyes.

"Basil," she said, "it is true—it must be true—"

"True of course it is."

"That man, the prisoner, could not have pleaded guilty when he was innocent!"

"Why should he? It meant death to him, poor wretch!"

"But why did he confess?"

"Who can tell? Rumors may have urged him to do so."

Philippa rose and her next words were spoken with calmness and composure.

"No, I did not do it. The thought, the dream haunted me, but I did not believe it until I heard those men talk of the way to death. Then it all came back to me. The mad storm, the dead man over whom I stood even then I don't think I actually believed it. It was when you told me how you found me that I lost all hope."

"Dearest, forgive me. I shall have been in the impossibility of the act even in your delirium, even if I had seen it done. Philippa, say you forgive me."

She threw her arms around me. "Basil, my husband," she whispered, "you have done much for me, do one thing more; find out the whole truth—find out why this man killed him, how he killed him; find out, satisfy me that his confession was a true one; that, Basil, such happiness as I have never even dreamed of will be mine!"

"And mine?" I echoed.

I promised to do as she wished. Indeed, the moment I had recovered my senses I resolved to learn everything that could be learned. Once and for all I would clear away every cloud of doubt, although that cloud might be no bigger than a man's hand.

But Philippa must not stop in Townham. Her strange conduct during the trial, her fainting fit after it, were bound to have attracted the attention of those present. No doubt she was looked upon as a friend of the prisoner, who was overpowered by the mad and awful ending to the case. Still, she must not stay at Townham.

We went to London by an afternoon train. The next morning I again ran down to the place at which the trial was held. I learned the name of the convict's solicitor, and as soon as I found him at leisure requested the favor of an interview.

I found him apparently a worthy, respectable man, but of a nature inclined to be choleric. I told him I called on him because I was much interested in the case of the convict William Evans. Mr. Crisp, that was his name, frowned and flinched at with some papers which were in front of him.

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